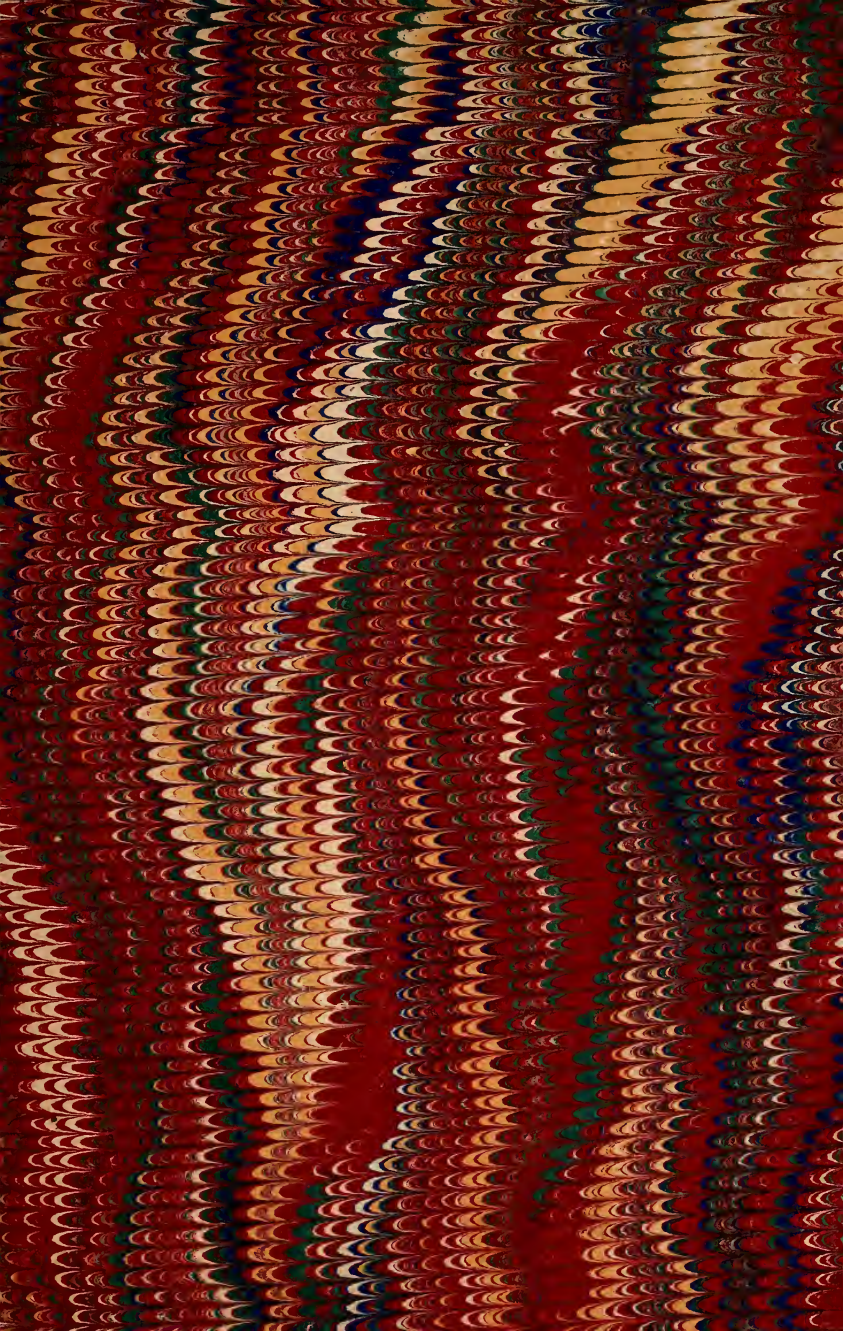


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ORIGINAL ACROSTICS,

7610

BY

ROBERT BLACKWELL,

A

ON

SOME OF THE SOUTHERN STATES, CONFEDERATE GENERALS, AND
VARIOUS OTHER PERSONS AND THINGS.

ILLUSTRATED.



NASHVILLE,

1870.

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1870

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1870, by

ROBERT BLACKWELL,

In the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Middle
District of Tennessee.

INVOCATION.

ADDRESS TO THE SOUTH.

My little book adrift I send,
And ask the South to be my friend;
On her for aid I now depend,
And will until my life shall end.

In her are those from vices free,
And all her scenes are dear to me;
I now reside in Tennessee,
And sing her praise with perfect glee.

Her men they have but errors few —
They love the gray and hate the blue;
Her clime is mild, her sons are true,
Her daughters learn'd and handsome, too.

It was the South that gave me birth,
The richest, dearest spot on earth;
I hear within her songs of mirth,
And do adore her sterling worth.

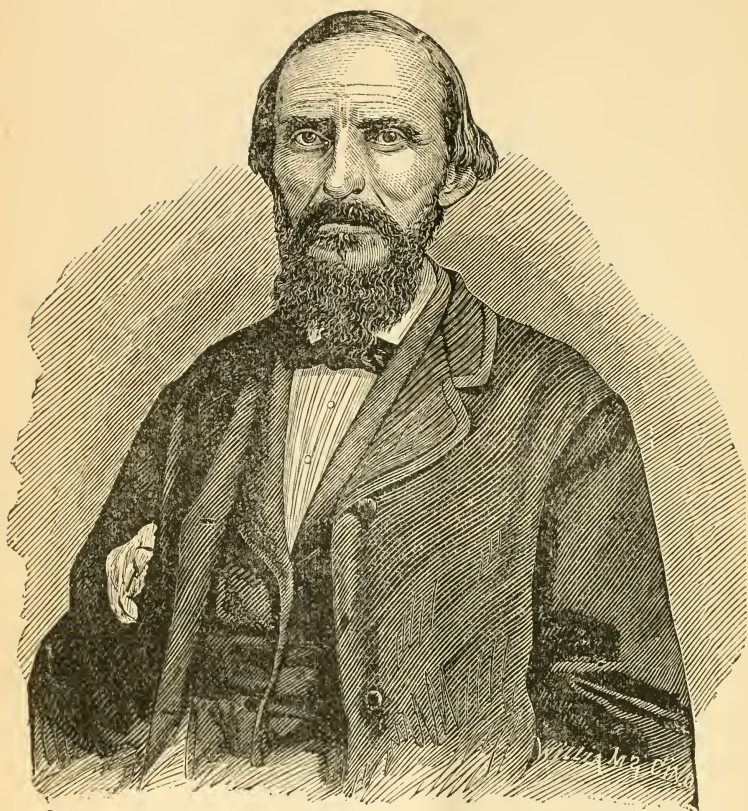
For three long years I fought for her,
With General Lee, a man most dear;
Was wounded thrice, and once severe,
But still for that I do not care.

I only grieve I vainly fought
For her I loved, whose good I sought,
Which has to her a lesson taught,
Although it was too dearly bought.

But, in conclusion, I would say,
To those with whom I hope to stay,
Till I am call'd from earth away,
I write to please, expecting pay.

Yours, most truly,

ROBERT BLACKWELL.



Yours Very Respectfully
Robert Blackwelder

ACROSTIC.

Rhyming is now my occupation,
 Oft times I write on subjects new,
 By this I rise to observation,
 Expecting pay for what I do ;
 Regarding men of higher station,
 They read my book, and pay me, too.

 Burlesque me not, ye wise and knowing,
 Let me but work and make my rhymes,
 All I would ask is half a showing,
 Come, gentlemen, hand o'er your dimes ;
 Keep them no more in pockets tight,
 When people work they want their pay.
 Encourage worth with talents bright—
 Little critics, now clear the way,
 Learn first to spell before you write.

ACROSTIC.

Could I this day but call thee mine,
 A light along my path would shine,
 Dispersing gloom that round me bide ;
 And if thou wilt but be my bride,
 My greatest aim and chief employ
 Shall be to soothe thy heart with joy.

Our soldiers fought, and bravely, too,
 And thousands of wicked Yankees slew,
 But, after all, upon the field
 Overpowered, they had to yield.

ACROSTIC.

(Composed 1864.)

Generous and noble man, with an iron heart and true,
 Ever fighting for our cause, with victory full in view;
 No Yankee can deter him, for while our lips are speak-
 ing,

Even now his sword so keen, with vandals' blood is
 reeking,

Raised high up to defend us, Abe Lincoln's clan defying
 Alarming all the Yankees, from him behold them flying,
 Leaving their comrades and their friends all gory, faint
 and dying.

Renowned for skill in warring, for him our soldiers
 fight,

Each ready, when he gives command, to put our foes
 to flight.

Long has he fought, and bravely, too, to keep our
 country free;

Exploring regions far and near, the name of General
 Lee,

Endeared to each Southern heart, will live while ages
 flee.

ACROSTIC.

Like angels of mercy, God sent them to cheer us,
 As traveling o'er earth, for when they are near us
 Depression grows lighter while enchanted we view
 In each of those ladies, patriotic and true,
 Every grace and charm, which makes them appear
 Shining stars of perfection, angelic and dear.

Our interest consulting, they showed their desire
 For the triumph of right when the first gun did fire,

To put down oppression, loud ringing like thunder,
 Hot balls, well aimed, rent Sumter asunder,
 Enrapturing the South, making Yankees to wonder—

So see them still feeding maimed soldiers each day,
 Opposing all tyrants, for our interests they pray,
 Using money so freely, to aid and to cheer us.

They study our good—all ye mortals now hear us,
 How happy we feel when those ladies are near us.

ACROSTIC.

Truly kind,
 Hence we find
 Each of them
 Like the moon
 And stars at night
 Directing us
 Into the right ;
 Each of them
 Shining bright ;
 Offending none,
 Firm and true,
 Conversing free,
 As ladies do ;
 Ne'er disposed
 To act amiss ;
 Our good they seek,
 No other bliss.

ACROSTIC.

The learned and the wise,
 How I love and I prize
 Each virtue composing their worth.
 Like angels they shine,
 All lovely, divine,
 Dispelling much darkness from earth.
 In the days of their youth
 Embracing the truth,
 Soothing the high and the low.
 Observe what I say,
 For a moment I pray
 Just view them as onward they go,
 Adorning each street,
 Conversing so sweet,
 Kind-hearted, most noble and free,
 Sublime are their ways.
 On them when I gaze,
 No blemish or error I see.

ACROSTIC.

Strive on for it, we won't submit
 To negro lovers, great or small;
 Repulsive, mean, 'tis plainly seen,
 If let alone they'll crush us all;
 Keep them at bay, or soon we may
 Expect to yield to them our lands.

For Freedom's sake we wish to take
 Our country's weal within our hands;
 Raise then the cry, make traitors fly

From seats of trust in every place.
 Rads on us frown—lest voted down
 Ere long we are a ruined race;
 Each living man, with eyes to scan,
 Discerns a threat'ning cloud ahead.
 Our foes are strong, and acting wrong—
 May yet attempt on us to tread.

ACROSTIC.

(*Composed 1865.*)

Just think of the woes which he undergoes,
 Each hour surrounded by the deadliest of foes,
 Full of malice; we see they afflict him with glee,
 Forgetting that God his avenger will be.
 Each comfort once known from him is now flown—
 Religion is left for his solace alone;
 So see him now slighted, whose faith was once plighted
 On the side of the South, in which he delighted,
 Now dwelling in gloom, with prospects all blighted.

Did justice yet reign in the Yankee's domain,
 At once would she rise and strike off his chain.
 Villains subduing, who caused all his ruin,
 Insulted, imprisoned, our friend is now viewing,
 Scurrilous base foes his footsteps pursuing.

Kentucky's bravest, wisest son,
 From Yankees ne'er was known to run.
 His cheerful face, as all agree,
 None but his foes dislike to see.

ACROSTIC.

(Composed on his return home from Canada.)

Join, friends, with us, and sing with glee
Of one who is of high degree ;
He has returned, so joyful be,
Now to repeat his praises free.

Clothed with each grace and virtue bright,

Bow low to him, ye sons of might ;
Repelling gloom, when in his sight,
Each one we seem to dwell in light.
Could we but all his praises tell,
Known best to those who do excel
In all that's great, we know it well,
None would refuse his praise to swell.
Round all the earth, from zone to zone,
In every clime his name is known—
Defeat can not his fame dethrone,
Great men like him, as can be shown,
Exist within a sphere their own.

ACROSTIC.

Think not, ye knaves, that you can scare us,
High honors bright we will pursue ;
Even our fathers standing near us,

Bid each of us our duty do.
Like soldiers to our homes we cling,
And firmly on our worth repose,
Cheered by each friend ; so while we sing,
Keep far away ye Northern foes !

Ruffians, ye vainly try to bind us !
Ever let the South alone ;
Provoke us not, for here you find us
Upon the soil which we own.
Because of you the people blunder ;
Lament your crimes and give them up ;
If you continue our land to plunder,
Can you from us our pardon hope ?
Arabs and Turks would blush to view
Naughty, thieving mortals, who
Steal from men and ladies, too.

ACROSTIC.

Thieves and base Yankees our ruin designing.
 Have trodden us down and left us repining ; [field,
 O, who would have thought when we marched to the
 Men brave as our leaders to vandals would yield ;
 A people who spoke of never retreating, [beating.
 Should have fought while hearts in their bosoms were

We look all around us, and what do we see ?

Slaves by the thousand whom the Yankees set free
 That they may enslave us, the pride of creation ;
 Envyng the South as a people and nation,
 Each bent on our ruin, both the young and the old :
 Light-fingered, base monsters, their meanness behold—
 Even entering our grave-yards searching for gold !

ACROSTIC.

(Composed 1864.)

Shed tears o'er his grave, and tune all your lyres,
 To sing in his praise who fought for our sires,
 Our wives and our children, and all that is dear,
 Noble and honored our proud standard to rear,
 E'er to wave, as we trust, our people to cheer.
 We ne'er can do justice to his name as we ought,
 Although for our country many battles he fought ;
 Language would fail us to speak of each one,
 Laureled with victories, they shine like the sun.

Just think how he fought, with a noble intent,
 And came off victorious wherever he went,
 Causing thousands to speak in the praise of his name.
 Knowing his true valor, we dwell on his fame,
 So full of glory, elevating and bright.
 On the day that he fell and sank from our sight,
 No music had power to give us delight.

ACROSTIC.

Dreadful monster, ruthless foe,
 Ever traveling to and fro,
 And causing tears of grief to flow,
 The good, the loved, and those that be
 Hale and strong, must yield to thee.

ACROSTIC.

With tears of contrition lament thy condition,
 If thou hopest to 'scape an endless perdition,
 Long reserved, sir, for thee, with all others that be
 Low-minded, and trying to enslave Tennessee.
 Impressed with thy fate, to the Governor we state,
 Arch-fiend of creation, all thy actions we hate.
 Moving downward each hour, and though clothed with
 power,

God on thy head yet his vengeance will shower.

Besmear'd with disgrace, a curse to thy race,
 Reprobate, renegade, go hide now thy face.
 Our people are dying, 'mid scenes the most trying,
 While others, oppressed, from tyrants are flying.
 Now, leaving this day, for thy demise we pray,
 Lean, hungry scapegrace, what makes thee to stray;
 On thy head be the blame, so covered with shame,
 We know not one act of thy goodness to name.

He has no shame, nor sense of right;
 Ravenous wolf, of low degree;
 Our former slaves, though black as night,
 No doubt would blush thy heart to see.

If he was from his seat now hurl'd,
 Cheers would be heard from thousands 'round,
 Louder than thunderbolts unfurled—
 Even shaking the very ground.

ACROSTIC.

Roll back dark clouds from us we pray
 As we don't wish to fight;
 Desiring peace, this is the day
 In which to show your might.
 Cause wars to rage, but let them be
 Among yourselves all pent.
 Licentious knaves, we hope to see
 Swift vengeance on you sent.



Sarah P. Moon,

Of Madison County, Miss.

SO lovely and sweet, with virtues complete,
 And a mind unclouded and pure,
 Regard what I write,
 Although 'tis night,
 Had I wings I'd fly to thy door.
 Proud to tell, I love thee so well,
 My affections are flowing to thee.
 One word more I pray—
 Observe what I say,
 Next week be looking for me.

Virtue.

His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
 And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.—YONGE.

(*Composed in 1864.*)

Resolved are we to keep her free,
In spite of all the fiends that be,
Convinced no one beneath the sun
Hath power to whip our General Lee.
Mounting high, she seeks the sky,
Old Lincoln's host she does defy;
No foes she dreads, for still she spreads
Defying men with wicked heads.

ACROSTIC.

Their course marked out they will pursue—
Hail to a band of patriots true.
Extended light, those worthies do
Denounce all wrong and tyrants too.
Earth with their fame is ringing free—
Make room for those of high degree;
On them we trust, with others we
Can peace restore from sea to sea.
Rads now with them are falling in,
And own they have in error been;
Those that repent, forsaking sin,
Shall crowns of endless glory win.

ACROSTIC.

Containing fields with rich attire,
Our people should no more desire
Northern goods nor books to read,
For she can make the things we need;
Ere long upon her streams that be
Daily flowing towards the sea
Each Southern man will gladly view
Resplendent mills, and factories, too,
All running at a rapid speed,
Cheering thousands, and will, indeed,
Yield us all the things we need.

MISS HARRIETT T.

Before we run each other down
 Let us ourselves apply,
 And study truth, and cease to frown
 On mortals born to die.

The ant, you know, is very small,
 And yet it makes a hill,
 Which may to it appear as tall
 As would to us a mill.

The eagle, too, you will admit,
 Can soar from earth away,
 But does that make it right for it
 On smaller birds to prey?

And though I never went to school
 As other folks have done,
 Should you for this call me a fool,
 And at me poke your fun?

If that be right, then go ahead,
 You can not injure me;
 When people try on me to tread,
 I from their presence flee;

But ere I leave I say to you,
 Being a graduate,
 And having sense to will and do,
 I must conclude and state

It would be vain for silly men
 To cope, as with an elf,
 Or think of grasping wisdom when
 You have it all yourself.

An old writer gives the following as the amount of
 sleep demanded :

Nature requires five,
 Custom gives seven,
 Laziness takes nine,
 And wickedness eleven.

[One night at a party a loquacious inebriate, libertine, smoker and chewer, asked me to write some poetry on himself and a couple of snuff-dippers who were sitting by him. The following lines I then composed and read within their hearing:]

Some ladies do delight to joke,
And can appreciate
The worth of those who drink and smoke,
While sober men they hate.

They are, they think, of judges best—
Of course it must be so;
They love the fop, and men detest
Who can not make a show.

Go to parties where oft they meet,
And view them all the while;
The man who talks to them most sweet,
Though ignorant, low and vile,

He is the man to please them most;
While one from vices free,
Who will not drink to them a toast,
They from his presence flee.

The time is not so distant when,
If things go on this way,
All truly good and virtuous men
At home had better stay,

Than to be scorned by ladies who,
Professing vice to hate,
Encourage drunkards not a few
By listening to them prate.

And while some do of smoking boast,
And love to dance and skip;
Of all the things, we hate the most
To see one chew or dip.

And still we do regret to say,
Some use tobacco free;
Perhaps one thousand pounds per day
They dip in Tennessee.

Oh! what a waste of time and wealth,
And what else does it do?
It always does impair the health,
And kills the user, too.

'Tis dipping brings consumption on—
 This truth none can deny—
 And pāles the cheek, made to adorn
 The cities in the sky.

A curse on those who grind the snuff,
 Or did it first invent;
 It kills its thousands; ain't this enough
 To wish it from us sent?

Had we the genius to harangue,
 We would impress on all,
 That we should make a law to hang
 Snuff makers great and small.

Nor would we pass rum sellers by;
 For killing mortals we
 Would make a law to hang them high
 Upon the nearest tree,

And leave them there for birds to pick—
 We mean the carrion crow—
 Still some fear it would make sick
 To feed on things so low.

The Yankees, they are humane men,
 They set the negroes free,
 Nor will not rob a dead one when
 No clothes on him they see.

Their feelings were so tender, they
 Could not on slavery look
 But with disgust; to make it pay,
 The negroes part they took.

So leaving jails and foetid rooms,
 Down South they quickly flew,
 All full with zeal they robb'd the tombs
 Of dead folks not a few.

At first they came with sword in hand,
 And took all they could find,
 And now they come and praise demand
 For leaving things behind,

Which when first here they could not move,
 Such as hills and mountains,
 Therefore, of course, it was but love
 Which made them leave our fountains,

Rivers and plains, so kind were they ;
 All being giants strong,
 They might have took each State away,
 Could they have acted wrong.

But such low things they could not do ;
 Though once they had the power
 To kill us all, they spared a few
 To see this glorious hour,

In which we see the negro race,
 With Rads to cheer and lead,
 Ruling the South in every place ;
 And must we clothe and feed

This hateful, negro-loving clan,
 Who, ruling with a rod,
 Let darkies vote, but no white man
 Who hath a hope in God ?

Ain't it a sin and slander, too,
 Upon the Yankee race,
 To make but tools of negroes who
 Do them in office place ?

Had we all power 'neath the sun
 That we could now desire,
 We'd take those robbers, every one,
 And roast them in a fire.

ACROSTIC.

From what I see, some seek for thee ;
 As something worthy greeting ;
 Missing their aim, they thee proclaim
 Elusive, worthless, fleeting.

MY COUNTRY.

I boast I was in Georgia born,
 The land of cotton, wheat and corn,
 Where people all were happy once,
 Till old Abe Lincoln, knave and dunce,
 Raised up an army in the North,
 And sent his thieving vandals forth,
 At whose command they passed her through,
 Burning towns and cities, too ;
 Taking all that they could find
 That could be moved, of every kind ;
 And for such acts they think we should
 Admire them as being good.
 Most sage conclusion, I declare,
 The sight of them I can not bear ;
 Still, after all, themselves they force
 Within our sight, and think, of course,
 That we to them should homage pay
 For taking all our wealth away ;
 But let them learn, though they may scoff,
 Had I a mighty gun,
 And them within, I'd touch it off,
 And kill them ev'ry one.

(Composed on seeing Mrs. Surratt Hung, June 6, 1865.)

In Washington city
 A woman to be hung,
 A melancholy ditty
 To be said or sung.

 A woman to be strangled,
 The Yankees standing by,
 They see her body mangled,
 But lift no voice on high.

 A brave and warlike nation
 Now vents its fiendish spite ;
 A worthy demonstration,
 A noble, gallant sight.

All ready for the banging,
 Bullets, steel and lead,
 Brave fellows at the hanging,
 To see a woman dead.

Reveling in slaughters,
 The Yankee's deep disgrace,
 Crushing freedom's daughters—
 Oh, what a manly race!

Aghast and craven-hearted,
 On the Yankees be the stain—
 Sons and daughters parted,
 Women rudely slain.

Time was in history's pages
 When chivalry would fly,
 And when our sons and sages
 Strove for beauty's sigh.

Are we backward streaming
 In the lapse of time,
 Idly gazing, dreaming
 Amid triumphant crime?

Sons of the South, now, forward!
 Avenge this woman's death,
 Strike those Northern cowards,
 Stay not your parting breath.

Think of Washington city,
 A woman to be hung,
 No one to help or pity—
 The knell of freedom rung.

ACROSTIC.

A business place, healthy and neat,
 The point where four great railroads meet;
 Laureled with cars, a good supply—
 All the time those cars are rolling,
 Never tiring, how consoling,
 They bring us things for which we sigh,
 And things we need, as none deny.



John L. Blackwell,

My Youngest Brother.

JOHN, dear brother, onward go,
 Overcoming every foe;
 Heavy though thy burdens be,
 Never cease to pray for me.
 Look at what we have to do
 Before we can bright Canaan view;
 Love for God we must possess,
 And pray the Lord our foes to bless;
 Conscious we are born to die,
 Keep thine eyes uplifted high;
 With confidence to Jesus pray
 Every hour throughout the day,
 Loving him who died for thee,
 Let me repeat, Now pray for me.



ACROSTIC.

(Composed in 1858.)

My darling, I fain would cross the deep sea,
 And quickly return with riches to thee ;
 Rubies and diamonds and pearls from the main,
 Yet being so poor all my wishes are vain.

Thine eyes are stars which gladden the heart,

Bidding all gloom and sorrow depart ;
 Laughing and blushing, thy smiles they are balm,
 And hover around, my passions to calm ;
 Consuming their dross, and making me be
 Kindly disposed, especially to thee,
 With whom I do hope to spend a long life
 Exultingly, too, caressing my wife,
 Laughing at want, defying all pain,
 Living in hopes of living again.

ACROSTIC.

(Composed on her death, May 23, 1859.)

'Mid pains and convulsions, thy soul passed away,
 And rose, as I trust, to the realms of bright day ;
 Reviving the thought, though thy death I record,
 Yet thou art now happy and praising the Lord.

To win me to Jesus thou seemed to be sent,

But, strange to relate, I refused to repent,
 Loving those pleasures which last but a day ;
 All thy fond pleadings I threw them away,
 Crushing thy hopes, and giving thee pain,
 Knowing that all thy efforts were vain ;
 While kindness and love yet beamed in thine eyes,
 Earth was exchanged for a home in the skies,
 Leaving me here, without friends, without home,
 Loaded with sorrows, 'mid strangers to roam.

But could tears of anguish wake thee
 From the dark and lonely grave,
 In my arms I now would take thee,
 And bless the Lord who died to save.

But in that grave in which thou sleepeth,
 No sun on thee will ever rise ;
 And though thy husband o'er thee weepeth,
 Never canst thou hear his cries.

Deaf to all that now would greet thee,
 Cold thy brow and still thy heart,
 Yet in heaven I hope to meet thee,
 Never more from thee to part.

ACROSTIC.

Sweet smiles more bright than rays of light
 Adorn those lovely cheeks of thine ;
 Looking so neat, with charms complete, .
 Lady, now say, wilt thou be mine ?
 If thou art free, by marrying me,
 Each day I'll try to comfort thee,
 And make thy life quite free from strife,
 Justly acting towards my wife,
 Expecting her my heart to cheer,
 Never to scold, but call me dear.
 Now hear me through, believe me, too,
 I love thy smiling face to view.
 No mortal man here living can
 Give unto thee a heart so free,
 So full of love as mine for thee.

ACROSTIC.

(Composed 1860.)

Judicious and wise, wherever he went,
 On doing his duty he seemed to be bent;
 He labored and struggled, yet never repined,
 Nor thought of the joys for the faithful designed.

Concerning his greatness our people can tell,
 Commenting on one who loved us so well,
 And desired to see us grow mighty and strong,
 Like the hills and firm mountains, defying all wrong.
 His singleness of heart, the loss of our choice,
 Our tongues can best tell, since we hear not his voice,
 Urging us all like soldiers to stand,
 Nerved for the dangers which threaten our land.

ACROSTIC.

Giving lessons,
 Each bright and new,
 Ne'er swerving from,
 Each good pursue.
 Renowned for sense
 And learning, too;
 Lawyer, statesman,

Just, wise, and true,
 A hero, brave,
 Men love to view;
 Each man around
 Speaks well of you.

Yet life is short,
 Earth's glories few,
 Live not for fame
 Like others do.

ACROSTIC.

Mouldering though thy body be,
 Yet in my dreams thy form I see.
 My tears in torrents daily fall
 O'er thee, I would, but can't recall.
 Thou art gone to Christ, thy God,
 He who bought thee with his blood,
 Enabled thee to run thy race,
 Raised thee now to see his face ;

 Exalted thee to hear his voice,
 Lifted thee—with saints rejoice
 In holy songs of perfect love—
 Zion and her walls above,
 And all the beauties of the skies
 Before thee now in grandeur lies.
 Expansive view of love divine,
 Thine to view, forever thine,
 Happiness without one sigh,
 Precious Fruits forever nigh,
 Beheld by thee, by thee enjoyed,
 Lasting, ne'er to be destroyed ;
 All thy cares and troubles o'er,
 Christ thy praise for evermore.
 King and Priest, be him my stay,
 While here I dwell in flesh and clay,
 Ever knowing death is nigh ;
 Let me but live, let me but die
 Like thee, and meet thee in the sky.

(*Died in 1858.*)



Zachary Taylor.

ACROSTIC.

Make truth thy study day and night,
 Impressed with subjects shining bright ;
 Christ, the Lord, the source of light,
 Always cheering guide the right.
 Just think upon his love so free,
 All men he bids from sin to flee ;
 He took our place and died, that we,

Both young and old, might angels be.
 Love so great was never known ;
 Around the earth his glories shone ;
 Coming from his Father's throne,
 King Jesus did our sins atone.
 We should not, then, forget to pray,
 Exposed to death, without delay,
 Let us both in earnest say,
 Lord Jesus, take our sins away.

(My dear Brother.)

ACROSTIC.

Armed with all power and love,
 Look down on me from heaven above ;
 My only hope, my only plea,
 Is that Jesus died for me.
 Gracious Father, Heavenly King,
 Hear me while thy praise I sing ;
 Though so sinful, though so vile,
 Yet in mercy on me smile.

Give me grace from day to day
 On thee to trust, and when I pray
 Disperse my gloomy doubts away.

SYMPATHY.

Nature has cast me in so soft a mold,
 That but to hear a story, friend, for pleasure,
 Of some sad lover's death, moistens my eyes,
 And robs me of my manhood.—DRYDEN.

ACROSTIC.

(Composed 1864.)

Great is thy name of which we sing,
 Earth with thy many victories ring;
 Nerved with courage, our land to save,
 Each danger thou dost gladly brave.
 Renowned on many a battle field,
 A tower of strength our foes must yield,
 Legions against thee, though they wield.

Justly by thy friends revered,
 And by our foes how greatly feared;
 May thou upon each battle plain
 Escape, amid the thousand slain,
 Scathless the lead and iron rain.

Long after death, yes, ages long,
 On history's page, in poet's song;
 Nor dimmed by Times' despoiling hand,
 Great deeds like thine in Southern land
 Shall live, and patriot's latest breath
 Tell how, amid the cries of death,
 Sang out thy voice in stern command,
 Encouraging all thy men to stand,
 Even at the cannon's blazing mouth,
 To save our native land, the South!

ACROSTIC.

Moments fast are gliding by us;
 In procession on they hie,
 Speechless, yet proclaiming loudly
 That we are mortal, and must die;
 Ere another day has fled,
 Remember, sir, we may be dead.

How short our life, at longest, here!
 Upon this subject let us think,
 Make efforts for to win the skies,
 Ere to endless pain we sink.

ACROSTIC.

While now
 In youth,
 Love God,
 Love truth;
 In strength
 All glorious,
 March on

Victorious.

May the God
 Of the free,
 Overruling,
 Nourish thee.

(A boy about nine years old.)

ACROSTIC.

More pure than the gems of Olympian stream,
 Inclining to good, of beauties the Queen;
 "Seductive her charms, as a poet's young dream,"
 Supremely beloved is the maid of my theme.

Many beauties I've seen, North, South, East and West,
 Acrosticized hundreds, in earnest and jest,
 Respected and loved some, flattered the rest,
 Yet she, and she only, reigns the Queen of my breast.

High above others her accomplishments soar;
 An anthem of praise might be sung of her lore,
 Never written by Byron, Scott, Shakspeare, or Moore,
 Nor dreamed of by poets or painters of yore;
 And her wit sparkles bright amid pleasure's throng,
 Heart-thrilling her accents, as love's ardent song.

Thus wisdom, and beauty, and virtue unite
 Harmonious in her, as dreams of the night.
 O, could I depict that transcendent delight
 My heart felt when first she enraptured my sight!
 All trembling with transport, I gazed on her face,
 Seraphic she seemed, as an angel of grace.

ACROSTIC.

Through all thy days give God thy praise,
 He made the sun on which we gaze,
 Of wondrous height; 'twas by his might,
 Millions of worlds sprang into sight,
 And as they turn with pure concern,
 Strive, youth, with me, their names to learn

Dick bids us view yon sky so blue,
 In which are systems, not a few,
 Cloudless and free, methinks I see
 Kingdoms prepared for saints that be.

But ere we climb to heights sublime
 Our souls must all be free from crime,
 Unsullied by sin's deepest dye,
 Redeemed and fitted for the sky.
 Love, then, to pray to Christ the way;
 And since there is a judgment-day,
 Ne'er let thy heart from truth depart,
 Desiring rest—for glory start.

(A youth of a Romantic and Contemplative Turn of Mind.

ACROSTIC.

It matters not though poor I be,
 Scorn me not, nor look at me
 As one who would thy smiles implore;
 All low down words I do despise,
 Coming from the rich or poor.

Shall a man, though poor, be forced to bow
 His head to one, though wealthy, now,
 Exaggerates and lies;
 Let my views be known to all,
 Let me stand or let me fall,
 I do all whisky bloats despise,
 Existing now beneath the skies.



The Two Oddities.



TURN this book, and at us look,
 Heed our features, too;
 Expressive, fine, our faces shine,
 To please such folks as you;
 With heads but four, we want no more,
 Our eyes give us no light;
 Our ears are deaf, but yet no grief
 Disturbs us day nor night;
 Deprived of feet, we can not walk
 In houses where we go,
 The reason why we do not sigh,
 Is left for you to know.
 Ever free from care are we,
 So turn this book, and at us look.

ACROSTIC.

Prized for thy worth,
 Haste on thy way,
 Influenced by
 Love's cheering ray.
 Cast all thy care
 Here on the Lord,
 Expecting he
 Will thee reward.

ACROSTIC.

People of this and distant climes
 Regarded him as one of worth;
 Each knowing him, did him adore,
 So long as he remained on earth.
 In learning none could him excel,
 Discussion was to him delight;
 Exploring was his mind, but still
 Ne'er was he known to swerve from right.
 Think of the height to which he rose,
 Jeweled with fame's bright diadem;
 Of those he was surrounded by
 He stood above the best of them.
 Now if you wish to blot his name
 Quite from beneath the sky,
 Uplift the sea first from its bed,
 Its mighty waves defy;
 Not only so, but make the stars
 Cease, at your word, to run;
 Yon silver moon, too, pluck it down,
 And paralyze the sun;
 Do all which we have named above,
 And then you can, no doubt,
 Make men forget his useful life,
 Sweep, too, his memory out.

Sixth President of the United States. Born in Massachusetts, July 11, 1767.
 President from 1825 to 1829—four years. Died February 23, 1818.

MORAL LESSON—CICERO.

The great Roman orator was one day sneered at by one of his opponents, a mean man of noble lineage, on account of his low parentage. "You are the *first* of your line," said the railer. "And you," replied Cicero, "are the *last* of yours."

ACROSTIC.

Lovely maiden, thy charms have enraptured my gaze,
 And thy various accomplishments challenge my praise.
 Unlooked for, I met thee, one cold winter's night;
 Refined by all graces, like an angel of light,
 All thy songs and sweet smiles gave my heart true
 delight.

In the days of my boyhood, an angelic form
 Stood by me and blessed me from evening till morn,
 And thy form and thy features, thy music and lore
 Beguile me, as did that bright vision of yore.
 Even now, in my fancy, thy image I see,
 Like a rainbow of glory bending o'er me.

Bright being of beauty, I now bow at thy shrine,
 Reject not my suit, but be mine, only mine;
 And strewed with sweet flowers thy pathway shall be,
 Gems right from Golconda, and pearls from the sea,
 Glad, glad, will I purchase and present unto thee.

ACROSTIC.

Meek, modest and kind,
 And in language refined,
 Respected by all, and especially by me;
 Yet who could proclaim

To the world all thy charms,

Should they live while ages shall flee.

(*Of Tennessee.*)

ACROSTIC.

More fool than wise, more knave than saint,
 And yet he had so many charms,
 Reclining on his chair of ease,
 The people took him to their arms ;
 In all his glory they saw him rise,
 Not clothed with virtue, but with disguise.

Vows he broke from day to day,
 And though he made a great display,
 No good of him can mortal say.

But still from us he homage claims,
 Unmindful of his traitorous aims ;
 Robed in the garments of a foe,
 Enticing men with him to go—
 Not to heaven, but down below.

Eight President of the United States. Born in New York, December 5, 1782.
 President from 1837 to 1841—four years.

A FOX having tumbled by chance into a well, had been casting about a long while to no purpose how he should get out again, when, at last, a goat came to the place, and wanting a drink, asked Reynard whether the water was good. "Good," says he; "aye, so sweet that I am afraid I have surfeited myself, I have drank so abundantly." The goat, upon this, without any more ado, leaped in, and the fox taking advantage of his horns, by the assistance of them, as nimbly leaped out, leaving the poor goat at the bottom of the well to shift for himself.

THE APPLICATION.

The doctrine taught by this fable is no more than this: that we ought to consider who it is that advises us before we follow the advice. For, however plausible the counsel may seem, if the person that gives it is a crafty knave we may be assured that he intends to serve himself in it more than us, if no to erect something to his own advantage out of our ruin.

The little, poor country attorney, ready to starve, and sunk to the lowest depths of poverty, for want of employment, by such arts as these, draws th squire, his neighbor, into the gulf of the law; until, having hold on th branches of his revenue, he lifts himself out of obscurity, and leaves the othe immured in the bottom of a mortgage.

ACROSTIC.

Just view the place where Jesus first
 Embraced the sons of earth ;
 Round it he walked, and preached to men
 Undying words of worth,
 Salvation free to rich and poor,
 And peace he came to bring ;
 Look now at it and Christ adore,
 Ere long in it the Lord will reign
 More glorious than before.

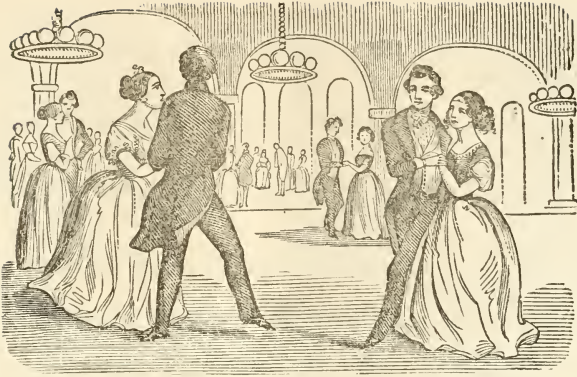
ACROSTIC.

His race is run, his work is done,
 Our statesman and our friend ;
 No more will we his features see,
 Or to his speech attend.
 Rich and poor his loss deplore,
 And we that loved him well
 Bewail the day he passed away,
 Leaving us in tears to dwell.
 Earth's fleeting breath was lost in death,

Descending to the tomb,
 Around his grave bright laurels wave,
 Ne'er may they cease to bloom.
 In circles high death's arrows fly,
 Each one bringeth sorrow ;
 Life's fleeting ray did pass away,

When Death he hurled his arrow,
 Equaled by few we ever knew,
 Brilliant the road he trod,
 Serene in death, gave back his breath
 To Christ, his mighty God.
 Earth felt the blow ; when sunk low,
 Refulgent still his virtues glow.

(*Written on his Death.*)



The Ladies of Jackson.

THE learned and the wise,
 How we love and we prize
 Each virtue composing their worth;
 Like angels they shine,
 All lovely, divine,
 Dispelling all darkness from earth;
 In the days of their youth
 Embracing the truth,
 Soothing the high and the low;
 Observe what we say,
 For a moment, we pray;
 Just view them as onward they go,
 Adorning each street,
 Conversing so sweet,
 Kin to the brave and the free;
 Sublime are their ways;
 On them when we gaze,
 No fault nor error we see.

ACROSTIC.

The prettiest and the neatest, the loveliest and the
sweetest

Here I see ;

Each one possessing worth, all full of life and mirth,

Laughing free

At things that please them most, and while of thee I
boast,

Dearest me,

I wish the world but knew how noble, wise and true

Each seems to be

Sent as from the skies, to make men truly wise,

And religious, too,

To soothe their hearts with joy, my pen I will employ

Though my words be few ;

How can I love them less, when they, indeed, possess

Each virtue true?

Claiming as a prize, a home beyond the skies,

Hoping for bliss,

And bidding me to follow, though I am not worth one
dollar.

Let me think of this ;

Yon heaven, which they seek, was made for all the
meek,

Beckoning me away,

Enchanting as they move, toward the place they love,

And like a ray,

They cheer me all the while, and when on me they smile,

Enriched I seem ;

And for each person here, we have water good and clear,
Cooling to drink,

Increasing as it flows, a balm for earthly woes ;

Do not let it sink ;

So long as time shall glide, and men on earth abide,

Proclaim its worth ;

Rushing from a hill, though it can not turn a mill,

It cures the sick ;

No one should doubt my word, though they have not
of it heard ;

Gather round it quick.

ACROSTIC.

Denouncer of wrong and defender of right,
 Occupying a place resplendently bright,
 Commanding our songs, our homage and our praise ;
 Though having strong vision, on thee when we gaze,
 Our eyes are dazzled, for we see so much light
 Reflected from thee that we scarcely can write.

We wish thee much pleasure through all coming days,
 And thy most charming bride, deserving our praise ;

Convinced of her merits, her graces and worth,
 Having wed her, the best of mortals on earth,
 Extol her, protect her, each day through the year,
 And, others forsaking, her presence prefer,
 Twill give her true joy thy affection to tell,
 Her face wreathed with smiles, all confusion to quell,
 And drive away darkness, preventing all strife,
 Making thousands adore both thee and thy wife.

 TAKE WARNING.

The judgment-day is just ahead,
 And ere one hundred years be fled,
 All those now living will be dead,
 And sleeping in their narrow bed.

Then let us all from slumber wake,
 And this resolve with firmness make:
 We will at once our sins forsake,
 And the bright road to glory take.

May all thy days be days of bliss,
 In this low world of care ;
 Solid and lasting peace is this
 To have of death no fear.

ACROSTIC.

Directed by wisdom,
 Onward he hies,
 Co-acting with men,
 Those seeking a prize
 Of glories now shining
 Remote in the skies.

In all his acts
 Such grandeur we see,
 As beggars description ;
 A mortal more free
 Can never be found,

Nor desired to be.

Concerning his goodness,
 Of this we are sure,
 Like a Christian he tries
 Each person to cure.

(Of Halifax Co., Va.)

ACROSTIC.

Gladly dost thou pursue the right,
 Each one with news supplying ;
 Of mental, moral courage bright,
 Reflecting worth undying,
 Go on, go on, from strength to might,
 Each foe of thine defying ;

Keeping thy friends with news on hand,
 Noble sir, most learn'd, profound,
 Although we live in a distant land,
 Papers which we receive from thee
 Proclaim to all thy merits round.

ACROSTIC.

Meek one, most true, with eyes so blue,
 All knowing heap their praise on you ;
 Respected by the great and high,
 Your sterling worth none can deny.

Such beauty we never did see—
 Earth with your praise is ringing free ;
 Reflecting light your features bright
 Enchant us, like the stars at night ;
 Not only so, when grown, we trow,
 All men on you will praise bestow.

Dear girl, each day for you we pray,
 And will, while on this earth we stay ;
 Most willing, too, and trust that you
 Each hour will keep the grave in view,
 Remembering all, both great and small,
 On earth must die ; so daily try,
 Now, with the good and wise to vie.

ACROSTIC.

Dear little State, to thee we confess
 Each beauty of thine we can not express ;
 Language would fail us to tell of thy charms,
 Adorned with fine houses, fine cities, fine farms ;
 With ladies most lovely, as the learned will agree,
 And gentlemen from all vices quite free,
 Rich and refined in the arts of true worth,
 Extending thy fame to the ends of the earth.

In all our transactions with mankind, even in the most private and low life, we should have a special regard how, and with whom we trust ourselves. Men, in this respect, ought to look upon each other as wolves, and to keep themselves under a secure guard, and in a continual posture of defense. Particularly upon any treaties of importance the securities on both sides should be strictly considered, and each should act with so cautious a view to their own interest as never to pledge or part with that which is the very essence and basis of their safety and well-being.

ACROSTIC.

'Tis vain to try to please such folks,
Holding their heads like towering oaks ;
Each wrapped in self, can plainly see

Some error in all men that be
Except themselves, in whom they view
Learning, wit, and grandeur, too.
Forgetting all but self alone,
In search of wealth, to evil prone :
Such living thus and dying so,
How can they up to glory go?

ACROSTIC.

Go, read the history of the earth,
Each book, and try to find
One man so loved for sterling worth
Respected, more refined—
Greater and of a better birth,
Endeared more to mankind.

We read that ere to fight he went,
All brave of heart to do and dare,
Some one beheld our hero bent,
His God to seek in humble prayer.
In that behold his faith in God—
Not in the prowess of his sword.
Great chieftain, gift of heaven above,
There never was a man
On earth deserved more praise or love,
Not e'en since time began.

First President of the United States. Born in Virginia, Feb. 22, 1732.
President from 1789 to 1797—eight years. Died December 1, 1799.

MORAL LESSON—WASHINGTON'S FILIAL PIETY.

George Washington, when young, was about to go to sea as a midshipman ; everything was arranged ; the vessel lay opposite his father's house ; the little boat had come on shore to take him off, and his whole heart was bent on going. After his trunk had been carried down to the boat, he went to bid his mother farewell, and saw the tears bursting from her eyes. However, he said nothing to her ; but he saw that his mother would be distressed if he went, and, perhaps, never be happy again. He just turned round to the servant and said : "Go and tell them to fetch my trunk ; I will not go to break my mother's heart." His mother was struck with his decision, and she said to him : "George, God has promised to bless the children that honor their parents, and I believe that he will bless you." The young man who thus honored his parents was afterwards honored by his countrymen, and will be to the end of time.

ACROSTIC.

Through thee the loveliest rivers glide,
Enriching thee on every side.
No truer hearts a State can boast,
No fairer maidens love can toast.
Each rill of thine is dear to me,
Sweet land, most lovely Tennessee.
So long as life this heart shall warm,
E'er to thee my thoughts will turn,
Emblem of the Eternal One.*

*Trinity in Unity, three States by natural division, yet one in fact.

ACROSTIC.

Exploring all its beauties, I never can its Author
doubt,
As fancy flies from pole to pole, and the eye looks round
about,
Reflecting on its wondrous size, remembering all I
see,
The blessed Lord from nothing spake; and for a worm
like me
He left his shining home above, and died upon a tree.

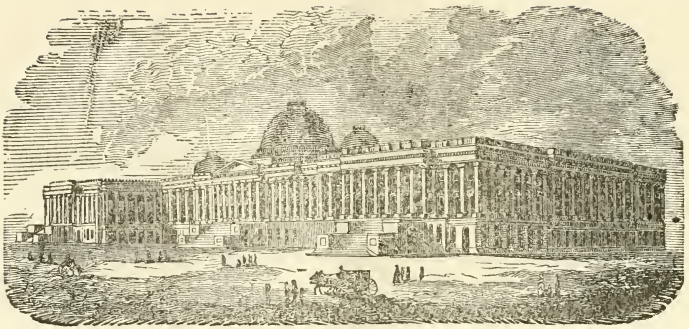
ACROSTIC.

With firmness and with holy fear,
In the work of Christ engage,
Let nothing ever thee deter,
Loud although the tempest rage
In deep retirement God is nigh,
And in the gloom of night
Man may on his grace rely,

Benignity, truth and might;
Ever, then, adore his name,
Let sinners scoff, the world defame,
Let heaven be thy only aim.

(Of Virginia.)

District of Columbia.



THE CAPITOL.

POPULATION OF THE ENTIRE DISTRICT, IN 1860, 75,321.

“ “ WASHINGTON CITY, 61,403.

ACROSTIC.

Accomplished one, most kind and free,
 No one on land, no one on sea
 Need ever hope to vie with thee.

How it thrills my heart to write
 On one so lovely and so bright;
 With a form so good and fine,
 And virtue which doth sweetly shine
 Replendent as a heavenly ray
 Descending from the orb of day.

(Of Conway County, Arkansas.)

ACROSTIC.

Country far renowned for gold,
 And for soil, rich and new,
 Lofly hills and torrents bold,
 Immense streams, and branches, too,
 Flow through thy hills of old.
 O happy land, illustrious one,
 Richest, brightest clime that be,
 No land, nor state beneath the sun,
 In all God's wide dominion free,
 Acquires wealth so fast as thee.

ACROSTIC.

Adorned with fields of cotton white,
 Realm of wealth and realm of light,
 Keeping step with states that be
 Allied to all the brave and free.
 New, yet firm and brave she stands,
 Supporting those who till her lands;
 And from men beyond the sea
 She buys her coffee, spice and tea.

ACROSTIC.

Go on, go on, from strength to strength,
 Enterprising, and at length
 One more railroad will be done,
 Ready for the cars to run.
 Go on, go on, improvements make,
 It is time for states to wake,
 And from thee some lessons take.

ACROSTIC.

(Composed in 1868.)

Subjugated, insulted, too,
 On every hand are we,
 Nor can we well our course pursue
 So long as Brownlow, he

Opposes us in all we do,
 From East to West, and does his best

To crush poor Tennessee.
 Elated at the very thought—
 Nefarious, heartless knave;
 Now view him on his level brought,
 Even sunk beneath a slave,
 Stealing from us, he thinks we ought
 Succumb to him, and crave,
 Even by negroes, to be taught,
 Ere we his anger brave.

ACROSTIC.

Henceforth we are of him bereft,
 Of him who won a name
 No other mortal man has left
 On those low shores of fame.
 Rising from youth to fame and might,
 And with the wise and great,
 Benign he labored day and night
 Long grievance to abate;
 Endeared to us and deep in thought,

He did his wit display,
 Even those who his ruin sought
 No harm of him could say,
 Refuting every doctrine bad,
 Yet craving not a name;

Calm and in his right mind clad,
 Leaped up to wealth and fame.
 At Washington he passed away,
 Yet his fame will ne'er decay.

(Written on his death.)



Hope.

HOLD her canvas to the breeze,
 O'er the waves she rides with ease,
 Praise to God, of our life the giver,
 Each one from harm he can deliver.

Maggie G. Fox,

Of Carroll County, Miss.

MOST worthy and sweet,
 A mirror of light;
 Glittering like diamonds,
 Glorious and bright;
 Industrious, and giving
 Each mortal delight.
 Captivating our hearts,
 Firm, faithful each day,
 On thy name when we write,
 X stands in the way.

ACROSTIC.

(Composed on her losing her Mother and only Daughter.)

Sweet Sister, cease to fret and pine
About departed friends of thine ;
Remember now they brightly shine,
And sing of their Redeemer's love,
High in the Realms of bliss above.

All their tears have ceased to flow,
No parting there, no death, no woe,
Nor chilling winds in heaven blow.

The word of Life to them was sweet,
It led them to the Savior's feet ;
They lived in peace and love with all,
So long as on this earthly ball ;
We little thought their end was nigh ;
Of death they speak, and without a sigh
Rejoiced that they were born to die ;
They loved the Lord, and loved the day
He called them from the earth away.

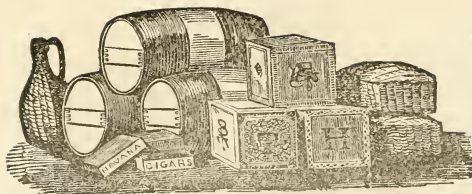
(Of Crawford County, Arkansas.)

ACROSTIC.

Respected by
Each mortal true,
Victorious on
The right pursue ;
Make all you can
From sin to flee ;
In doing which
Now pray that we
Not one may err ;
Each loving worth
Your name revere.

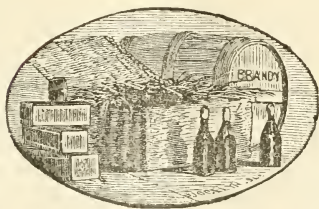
ACROSTIC.

Source of heat and source of light,
Upholding by thy strength and might
Numerous seas and planets bright.



Rum.

RED fire of hell—uncooling drink,
Unpitying foe, now stop and think,
Make men no more to ruin sink.



Brandy.

BLASTING hopes of man and wife,
Real source of grief and strife,
A curse on land, a curse on sea,
No man of sense will drink of thee;
Drying all the vitals up,
Yet fools this poison daily sup.

ACROSTIC.

Notwithstanding the Bourbons had set a price upon his
 head,
 And though our hero knew it, of them he had no dread ;
 Perceiving everywhere, as on he did advance,
 Old veterans all desired to make him king of France ;
 Like thunder peals from heaven, the people shout
 around—
 “Emperor, live forever, and put the Bourbons down !”
 On his cheeks they printed their kisses, warm and true,
 National Guards and volunteers all to his succor flew,
 Because they looked upon him as on their rightful king,
 Owning him as worthy—did of his victories sing ;
 Not fearing but he was able to succor the distressed,
 And lift the yoke of bondage from brothers sore
 oppressed.
 Passing on and onward, our hero shortly stands
 Among the streets of Paris, with victory in his hands ;
 Revived were all the people, and through the livelong
 night,
 Ten thousand men were saying, and that with true
 delight,
 “Emperor, live forever, and put thy foes to flight !”

ACROSTIC.

Distinguished for thy skill, to save
 Our fellow-men when near the grave ;
 Cross mighty streams thy drugs to test,
 They being the purest and the best,
 Of vital strength more prized than wealth,
 Restores the sick to perfect health.

Just such a man we love to view,

Learn'd in Greek and Latin, too.

Continue on thy bright career,
 Our people cheering far and near,
 Loving thy friends, when near the grave,
 Exert thy skill each one to save.

(My Mother's Youngest Brother, Greensboro, N. C.)

ACROSTIC.

Go on thy way
 Each day and night,
 Opposing wrong,
 Reflecting right,
 Glittering like
 Each planet bright.

How few on earth

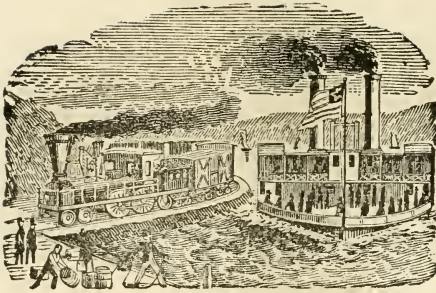
Can vie with thee,
 Light from thine eye
 It flashes free,
 Not only so,
 Thy preaching, sir,
 Our inmost souls
 Ne'er fails to stir.

Doctor Clinton.

Surrounded by friends
 The church he attends
 Each cloudy, as well as fair days,
 Sweet peace there finding,
 His features all shining—
 Now hear him, for sinners he prays ;
 Then rising at once
 His Bible he reads,
 Obeying what Jesus commands ;
 May the King of the sky
 Permit him to die
 Shouting and clapping his hands.

ACROSTIC.

Composed of vapors shining bright,
 Of wondrous size, yet harmless light,
 Men view thee as a burning ball,
 Expecting soon to see thee fall
 To this low world and kill us all.



Memphis, Tennessee.



MOST wealthy men reside in thee,
 Enlarging thee with houses bright,
 More lovely than the stars we see
 Peeping down on us at night.
 How graceful do thy daughters walk,
 In the house or on the street,
 Smiling, wooing, one and all
 Their praises to repeat;
 Entrancing both the young and old,
 Now see them how they shine,
 Neat, and valued more than gold
 Extracted from the mine.
 Scintillations of the skies,
 Sweet specimens of worth,
 Extending their influence wide,
 Even to the ends of earth.

ACROSTIC.

Neater by far than a fine gold ring,
 And once on a time, hearing her sing,
 Nightingales came, her presence to greet,
 Conscious that they her music could beat,
 Yet failing in this, did quickly retreat,
 Resolving no more in the land to be heard.
 Excelled at last, by a mortal endeared,
 Visions of glory all vanished away ;
 Each fearing to speak, did secretly say
 She sang more sweet than an angel to-day.
(Of Carroll County, Miss.)

ACROSTIC.

Fairest one, in thee we find
 A virtuous, pure, contented mind ;
 Not only learned, not only wise ;
 No man of sense can fail to prize
 Your captivating, lovely eyes.
 Shedding light on all that be,
 Making men to bow to thee ;
 In vain they bow, in vain they chat,
 They tell thee this, they tell thee that,
 Hear them not, but marry me.
(Of Springfield, Mo.)

ACROSTIC.

Luminous, most useful, most lovely to scan,
 It falls directly or obliquely on man,
 Graceful in carriage, and pleasing to behold,
 Highly prized, yea precious as gold,
 The thing we most need to cheer us when old.

PRAISE.

The love of praise, howe'er concealed by art,
 Reigns, more or less, and glows in every heart;
 The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure,
 The modest shun it but to make it sure.—YOUNG.



Whisky.

WHILE men of sense still drink of thee,
 How can we hope much good to see;
 It seems, indeed, most strange to me
 Such men should boast as being free;
 Kept in chains, in fetters bound,
 Yet simple people pour thee down.

Revelries.

(ADDRESS TO RUM, BRANDY, AND WHISKY.)

RIVERS of blood you cause to flow,
 Enslaving men where'er you go;
 Vain are the tears of babes or wife;
 Endless cares you bring, and strife;
 Love and hope you banish quite.
 Remorseless foes, how great your might!
 In the strength of One more strong
 Even than the powers of wrong,
 Should we learn your sight to spurn.

ACROSTIC.

Surpassing in beauty, thy daughters are fair,
 Prudent and worthy of praises they are ;
 Resplendent, industrious, in truth we can trace
 In the eye of each lady, true worth and true grace,
 No groggeries, no drunkards, in thee can be found,
 Gladness and joy thy limits surround ;
 From hour to hour, from morning to night,
 In thee can we hear true songs of delight,
 Enrapturing our hearts, endearing thy name ;
 Leading then us on to riches and fame,
 Denouncing all crime till the exit of time.

(*Missouri.*)

ACROSTIC.

Never fearing mortal foe,
 Ever may it fastly grow,
 While mighty waters by it flow.

Oppose it not. We love to see
 Resplendent ladies, kind and free,
 Looking on its charms with glee ;
 Each one on it due praise bestow,
 And we feel 'tis bound to grow.
 Never fearing foes to face,
 Soon distant towns it will embrace.

ACROSTIC.

Men sing of thy graces, and drink to thy health,
 Renowned for thy beauty, thy wisdom and wealth,
 Scarce know we one mortal so good as thyself.

Could we be permitted thy worth to proclaim,
 Our hills and our valleys would ring with thy name,
 Loud sounding, like thunder, extending thy fame,

And wakening from slumber all mortals around,
 Completely enchanting the learned and profound ;
 Knowing thy merits, thy praises would sound,
 Loving most justly such perfection to view,
 Interesting our hearts, with equals but few,
 Ne'er swerving, while living, thy pleasures pursue.



James H. Hark.

ACROSTIC.

Sweet is the breath of morn when we rise;
 Unspeakably sweet to look upon
 So wondrous a work as the lucid skies,
 And a creature formed like thee, bright one,
 No living man can fail to prize.
 Aurora gilds the morn with light—

'Tis her's to drive all gloom away,
 Each one behold her charms and might,
 Resplendent goddess of the day,
 Round earth she drives her chariot bright,
 Yet not of her, of thee we write.

ACROSTIC.

My song and praise shall be of one
 Among the greatest mortals, who,
 Regarding us when struggling hard,
 Quickly to our succor flew.
 Undesigning in all he done,
 Intrepid, wise and generous man,
 Soon for himself bright laurels won.

Disinterested here he came
 Equipped with armor shining bright,
 Leading forth his soldiers, who,
 At his expense, came here to fight.
 For us he fought, was wounded, too,
 And for our cause did suffer pain;
 Yet, soon as he recovered strength,
 Enlisted in the war again.
 The sun and moon will first grow dim,
 The concave melt, the planets fall,
 E'er men will cease to reverence him.

A Major-General in the the American army, is justly celebrated for leaving an immense estate, the best of friends, and, above all, a beloved wife, to fight the battles of a strange people in a far-off country. This generous act will render his name immortal. He was born in France, September, 1757, and died at Lagrange, in 1830, and now lies buried in France, near Paris, sleeping between his heroic wife and beloved daughter.

MORAL LESSON—REASON FOR SINGULARITY.

A celebrated old general used to dress in a fantastic manner, by way of making himself better known. It is true, people would say—"Who is that old fool?" but it is also true that the answer was, "That is the famous General _____, who took such or such a place."



The Chase.

THAT deer we see is now in danger,
 Hemmed around by deadly foes;
 Each to him a total stranger,
 Craves to catch him by the nose;
 He seems to dread the thought of dying,
 As, leaping o'er those mighty logs,
 Swiftly, swiftly, see him plying,
 Ere long to be but food for dogs.

W. G. Watson,

Of Holly Springs.

WRITING and struggling day and night,
 The man of worth we love to view;
 Warmly embracing subjects bright,
 And bidding all their duty do.
 Though but young, we must agree,
 Such range of thought he does possess,
 One so good, so kind, and free,
 No pen his wisdom can express.

ACROSTIC.

My niece most kind, for bliss designed,
 As one of sense improve thy mind;
 Respecting, too, each mortal true,
 Yield not to sin, like others do.

Eschewing wrong, be firm and strong,
 Craving knowledge, now march along,
 And gladly sing, to Christ I cling,
 Maker of earth and every thing.
 Proud would I be thy face to see,
 Because thou art so dear to me;
 Each hour, each day, for thee I pray.
 Loving the right, with death in sight,
 Let us for realms of glory fight.

(Of Crawford Co., Arkansas.)

ACROSTIC.

Commissioned by the king of Spain,
 He did a fleet of ships prepare;
 Rejoicing, westward he set sail
 In search of land he knew not where.
 Some asserted he would find
 The ocean deep, a boundless main;
 Others, by sailing west it would
 Prevent his coming back again.
 Hopeful still he kept his course,
 Ere long our glorious land he sees,
 Rich, and covered o'er with trees.

Confirmed in what he thought was true,
 Our lovely land he bids farewell;
 Leaving this with joy he went
 Unto his own the news to tell.
 Men soon flocked here from every clime,
 Both young and old, the rich and poor,
 Until we see this happy land
 Scattered now with cities o'er.

Christopher Columbus was a native of Genoa, and died at Valladolid, in the year 1506, being about seventy years old. But this great man was unjustly deprived of the honor of giving his name to this continent by Americus Vesputius, a native of Florence, who claimed the honor of being the first discoverer of the main land.



The Ladies of Canton, Mississippi.

TRULY kind,
 Hence we find
 Each of them
 Like the moon
 And stars at night,
 Directing us
 In the way. of right;
 Each of them
 Shining bright;
 Offending none,
 Firm and true,
 Conversing free,
 As ladies do;
 Ne'er disposed
 To act amiss,
 Our good they seek,
 No other bliss.

ACROSTIC.

No State more free from debt than she ;
 O could the proud her farms but see !
 Rich farms of tar, rich farms of pitch—
 They would, methinks, pronounce her rich.
 Her bottom-land is very good,

Covered with the best of wood,
 And will produce, when cleared away,
 Rich crops of wheat, rich crops of hay,
 Oats too, and corn, tobacco and rye
 Leap like tall trees, and seek the sky ;
 Inviting us to go and view
 Not only men, but women true,
 At work in corn and cotton, too.

ACROSTIC.

Virginia ! Virginia ! I love thee so well !
 In youth o'er thy hills and thy streams did I roam ;
 Resplendent with cities, in thee could I dwell,
 Glad, glad would I leave thee, my fair sunny home.
 It was on thy soil that my parents first gazed,
 Near Banister river, not far from its mouth ;
 Industrious, their children to labor they raised,
 And, hoping to enrich us, they moved to the South.

DEAR MISS.

Thou art by far more dear to me
 Than all the gold and gems that be,
 Whether on land or on the sea
 There's none that can compare with thee.
 Thou art my own true heart's delight,
 Of thee I think both day and night,
 And this I deem but just and right
 Since I can live but in thy light.

ACROSTIC.

Blushing now with the tint of health,
 Sing on God's praises free ;
 Bless'd with that grace, more prized than wealth,
 Each sinful pleasure flee ;
 Looking above, and like myself,
 Long with the Lord to be.

Washington City.

WEEP loudly, proud City, for thy glory has fled !
 And thy people endangered, are trembling with dread ;
 Some leaving scared badly, while Lincoln and crew,
 Hath soiled thy escutcheon, and hath ruined thee too—
 Incumbered with ruffians, with fiendish long claws,
 Now seizing our goods, and in defiance of laws—
 Grasping our weapons—and think in one day
 Their cohorts can whip us and make us obey
 Old *Lincoln* ! But hear us—tho' we die on the field,
 Never ! no ! never ! to him will we yield.

Corrupted by monsters, thy brightness is gone,
 In the zenith of glory we view thee forlorn—
 Thy fanes and thy mansions, tho' towering so high,
 Yielding to armed men soon in ruins will lie !

GREATNESS.

I have touch'd the highest point of my greatness
 And from that full Meridian of my glory
 I haste to my setting ! I shall fall
 Like a bright exhalation in the Evening
 And no man see me more.—SHAKESPEARE.

ACROSTIC

Annie, sweet Annie, it ne'er was my lot
 'Neath the blue bending skies, in palace or cot,
 'Neath the tropical sun of the snow covered crest,
 In the Orient east' or the beauty famed west,
 E'er to meet, e'en in dreams, with an angelic face,

Enshrined in a form that an houri would grace ;

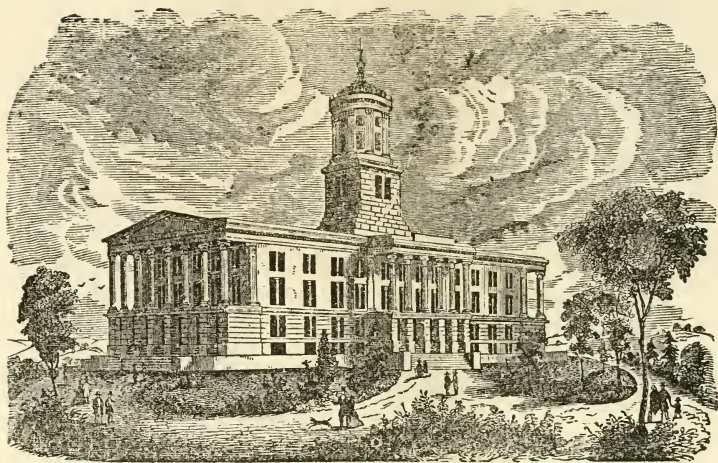
Combined in one being, virtue, gentleness, love,
 Refining the circle in which she might move,
 Enhancing, exalting, enriching with good,
 Ne'er till now in such presence enrapt have I stood.
 Still long have I hoped such a lady to meet—
 Have fondly believed such a being I'd greet ;
 And now, having found her, I fain at thy shrine
 Would kneel, worship, idolize, beauty like thine.

ACROSTIC.

Enchanting men with smile so free,
 Look now on one, to love a slave ;
 Let me but thy admirer be,
 Each day to speak in praise of thee—
 No greater boon than this I crave.

For though renowned, I do not seek,
 Lady, to win that heart of thine ;
 Of worth alone I wish to speak ;
 Regarding thee with pure design,
 I view thee as too good and meek,
 Notwithstanding sometimes I rhyme,
 Ever to take this hand of mine.

But still for all, I thee admire,
 On thee would gaze both day and night,
 Unerring tune thy golden lyre,
 Repeat those songs which give delight.
 Lady, I feel a holy fire
 Always when dwelling in thy sight,
 Nor would I here more wealth desire
 Did I possess a gem so bright.



CAPITOL OF TENNESSEE.

ACROSTIC.

Noted afar as the city of rocks,
 And heroes brave and ladies fair,
 She sits enthroned on her cliff, and mocks
 Her envious rivals everywhere.
 View all her noble works of art—
 Increasing. Wealth on every hand ;
 Lawyers, statesmen, schools and mart,
 Little to blame and much to praise,
 E'en here, if rich, would I spend my days.

(Population, 50,000.)

ACROSTIC.

Staunch advocate of principle and right,
 Of hazard her sons did never once think,
 Upheld by justice, the first in the fight,
 The base procedure of treacherous Old Link,
 Her people could see before you can wink.

Courageous they made them batteries of wood,
 And to their foes their banners unfurled,
 Resolving to conquer or pour out their blood,
 Over the fort they cannon balls hurled,
 Leaving impressions wherever they struck,
 Igniting old Sumter, the flames rose high,
 Now glory to her sons, we admire their pluck,
 And all who do the Yankees defy.

• (*Composed 1862.*)

ACROSTIC.

Enrich'd, refin'd, with brilliant mind,[!]
 Love we to sing of one so kind,
 In whom we do perfection view.
 Zealous in works, most learned and true,
 Alluring to right, ye sons of might,
 Behold in her all graces bright.
 Enchanted by her piercing eye,
 The good, the wise, the great and high
 Her name should love while ages fly.

How few on earth possess such worth,

Discreet and wise, of noble birth;
 All that is true in her we view,
 Made up of charms and graces, too,
 Each hour, each day, she goes to pray,
 Receiving strength to cheer her way;
 On glory bent, with good intent
 Ne'er was a soul to ruin sent.



ACROSTIC.

Being most vile, 'twould us defile
 Even to touch thy thieving hand.
 All curses we now heap on thee,
 Spoon-stealer, dost thou understand?
 Thou hast no friends in Southern land,

Because when here, remember, sir,
 Unblushing thou did'st rob the dead,
 The living too, and not a few.
 Lone ladies left without a bed,
 Exposed to death at every breath,
 Ruined by one of wicked head.

(Composed on his return home from Canada.)

 PRESIDENT JOHNSON.

We love thy flowing words to hear,
 In accents soft, in accents clear,
 Like balm they fall upon the ear,
 Making us all to persevere.
 Then proudly, sir, thy course pursue,
 A learned man with much to do,
 All honors bright, with riches, too,
 Reward thee for thy conduct true.

(Composed on seeing him start off for the war, 1862.)

ACROSTIC.

Discussing subjects most important, and the road before
 him viewing,
 On his march to the battle-field to save our glorious
 South from ruin,
 Charming us all now looking at him, mounted on his
 horse so high,
 The Yankees they had better scatter, if they do not want
 to die
 On the gory field of battle, for should he meet the
 treacherous horde,
 Rushing upon them he will slay them with his keen
 and glittering sword.

Just view him with such noble soldiers, onward to
 Virginia going,

And a more brave and skillful leader never lived among
 the knowing.

Armed with the newest and best repeaters, and the
 strongest arm we know,
 Possessing power and skill to use it, clear the way each
 Northern foe.
 Please go with him to the battle-field, see him when there
 mid smoke and fires,
 Laboring hard to perpetuate that freedom bought by
 sainted sires.
 Every man should laud his virtues, conscious he is act-
 ing right,
 We should follow him with gladness, and praise him,
 too, when we see him fight ;
 His eyes they flash, his sword is drawn, and the Yankees
 are falling near him,
 Insidious foes, though they be strong, they need not
 hope to scare him ;
 Though bullets fall thick on every hand he does not
 think of dying,
 Exulting, see his sword now wave, while the Yankees
 they are flying.



Marriage.

MOST solemn sight, to them delight,
 As their hands they willing join;
 Roll on, ye years, be free from cares,
 Rich flowers round their pathway twine.
 It has been said that those who wed
 Are the ones most free from strife,
 Glad tidings to the high and low,
 Each man should get a lovely wife.

Moral Lesson.—How to Win.

A MAN who is very rich now was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he replied: "My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend money till I had earned it. If I had but half an hour's work to do in a day, I must do that the first thing, and in half an hour. And after this I was allowed to play; and I could then play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing everything in its time, and it soon became perfectly easy to do so. It is to this habit I owe my prosperity."

Let every one who reads this, go and do likewise, and he will meet a similar reward.

James K. Polk.

[Eleventh President of the U. S.]

Born in North Carolina, November 2, 1795. President from 1845 to 1849—four years.
Died June 15, 1849. Glory to his name and peace to his ashes.

JUSTICE and truth he loved from his youth,
And, as in years, he grew old
More wise he became, till he won a proud name
Ever to be bright; while stars give us light,
Shall the world of his wisdom be told.
Kindest of men, there ne'er was a pen
Pointed with gems could praise him too high;
O'er the statesman true, now hundreds we view
Lamenting the hour, when God, by his power,
Kindled disease and caused him to die.

His fame it will last while ages go past,
Kind husband, great statesman, though dead,
Our people do boast of his valor and trust
On the marble which covers his head.

[INSCRIBED TO MRS. JAMES K. POLK.]

Moral Lesson.—Knocking Away the Props.

"SEE, father," said a lad who was walking with his father, "they are knocking away the props from under the bridge. What are they doing that for? Won't the bridge fall?"

"They are knocking them away," said the father, "that the timbers may rest more firmly upon the stone piers which are now finished."

THE APPLICATION.

God often takes away our earthly props, that we may rest more firmly on Him. God sometimes takes away a man's health that he may rest upon him for his daily bread. Before his health failed, though perhaps he repeated daily the words: "Give us this day our daily bread," he looked to his own industry for that which he asked of God. That prop being taken away, he rested wholly on God's bounty. When he receives his bread, he receives it as the gift of God. God takes away our friends, that we may look to him for sympathy. When our affections were exercised on objects around us, when we rejoiced in their abundant sympathy, we did not feel the use of Divine sympathy. But when they were taken away, we felt our need of God's sympathy and support. We were brought to realize that he alone can give support, and form an adequate portion for the soul. Thus are our earthly props removed, that we may rest firmly and wholly upon God.



Ruth,

The Moabitess.

READ her life, ye rich and poor,
Unbounded praises to her give,
Though she died in days of yore,
Her virtuous name will ever live.

Moral Lesson.—How to be Fobed.

ONE evening a gentleman related, in the presence of his little girl, an anecdote of a still younger child of Dr. Doddridge, which pleased her exceedingly. When the doctor asked his daughter, then about six years old, what made everybody love her, she replied: "I don't know, indeed, papa, unless it is because I love everybody." This reply struck Susan forcibly. "If that is all that is necessary to be loved," thought she, "I will soon make everybody love me." Her father then mentioned a remark of the Rev. John Newton, that he considered the world to be divided into two great masses, one of happiness and the other of misery; and it was his daily business to take as much as possible from the heap of misery, and add all he could to that of happiness. "Now," said Susan, "I will begin to-morrow to make everybody happy. Instead of thinking all the time of myself, I will ask every minute what I can do for somebody else. Papa has often told me that this is the best way to be happy myself, and I am determined to try."

ACROSTIC.

(Composed in 1860.)

While looking at thee such grandeur I see,
 As beggars description from a mortal like me;
 So enchanting thy charms, and free from alarms,
 Here fain would I live secure in thy arms.
 I read of thy name as connected with fame,
 Not forgetting from whence thy Father he came;
 Great, glorious and free, here his image I see,
 'Tis chiseled in stone, immortal to be;
 On his virtues to dwell makes my bosom now swell,
 Ne'er hoping, yet trying all his merits to tell.

Could I live through all time on a subject sublime,
 It would give me true joy, methinks, could I rhyme;
 Though Time in his flight his image may blight,
 Yet his name it will live while the stars give us light.

ACROSTIC.

(Composed in 1860.)

Threatened by foes on land and sea,
 Heeding not the powers that be,
 Our fathers, struggling to be free,
 Made us renowned, by giving thee
 A pen to write a Declaration,
 Scorning chains and degradation,

Just in time to save a nation,
 Expressing worth by demonstration;
 Flinching not, with pen in hand,
 For us so boldly took thy stand,
 Elevated by command,
 Rolled the ink to save our land.
 So long as stars and stripes shall wave
 O'er this land of the *fair and brave*,
 Nations will respect thy grave.



Emma Thomas,

Of Sunflower, Miss.

EQUALED by none of any station,
 Made up of virtues shining bright,
 Men of sense, of education,
 Acknowledge thee a shining light.
 Thou art the idol of the day,
 Honored by the young and old,
 One more rich, and one more gay,
 My eyes did never yet behold;
 And yet to think that we must part,
 Sends pain and anguish to my heart.

Moral Lesson.—How to Aboid Calumny.

"If any one speaks ill of thee," says Epictetus, "consider whether he has truth on his side; and, if so, reform thyself, that his censures may not affect thee."

When Anaximander was told that the very boys laughed at his singing, "Ay," said he; "then I must learn to sing better."

Plato being told that he had many enemies who spoke ill of him, "It is no matter," said he; "I will so live that none shall believe them." Hearing at another time that an intimate friend of his had spoken detractingly of him, "I am sure he would not do it," said he, "if he had not some reason for it."

General Andrew Jackson.

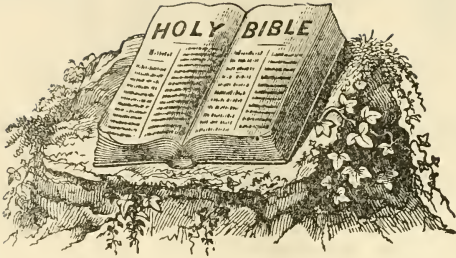
[Seventh President of the U. S.]

Born in North Carolina, March 15, 1767. President from 1829 to 1837—eight years.
Died June 8, 1845.

GREAT and noble, brave and free,
Ever faithful, kind was he;
None could bend his iron will,
Earth could not his spirit quell;
Read his exploits o'er and o'er,
And you love him more and more.
Low though he sleeps, his virtues shine,
And will to the end of time.
Now go with him through life's scenes,
Down to the battle of Orleans;
Respect the course he is pursuing.
Enter on the battle's plain,
Witness the dying and the slain;
Judge from what you see him doing,
All his efforts were not vain;
Cities though are saved from ruin.
Kindled is the very air—
See the British in despair—
On each foe destruction hurled—
Now his fame surrounds the world.

Moral Lesson.

LORD TENDERDEN, who was the son of a barber, had too much good sense to feel any false shame on that account. It is related of him, that when, in an early period of his professional career, a brother barrister, with whom he happened to have a quarrel, had the bad taste to twit him on his origin, his manly and severe reply was, "Yes, sir, I am the son of a barber; if you had been the son of a barber, you would have been a barber yourself."



Bible.



BOUNDLESS source of information—
 Information for the blind,
 Bringing words of consolation,
 Life and peace to soothe the mind
 Exposed to grief of every kind.



Moral Lesson.—Books.

God be thanked for Books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levelers. They give to all, who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am. No matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling. If the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof, if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakspeare open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live.—CHANNING.

Zachary Taylor.

[Twelfth President of the U. S.]

Born in Virginia, November 24, 1784. President from March 4, 1849, to his death July 9, 1850—one year, four months, and five days.

ZEALOUS was he to keep us all free,
And to march us in triumph o'er the powers that be;
Counselor and chief in the days of our grief,
He flew to our aid, and gave us relief.
As a true worthy son our battles he won,
Rushing on foes he made them all run,
Yelling like hounds at the crack of a gun.

The glance of his eye made the Mexicans fly,
All dreading his sword and fearing to die;
Yet thousands withstood our General so good,
Leaving his men to tread in the blood
Of cowards and foes who slept in repose,
Requiring some one their eyelids to close.

Moral Lesson.—The Two Rivers.

Evil communications (associations) corrupt good manners.

THE waters of the Mississippi and the Missouri unite and form one river. **T**he water of the latter is exceedingly turbid, and the former clear. When they first meet the waters refuse to mingle. The clear and muddy water flows along, forming one river; but you can clearly distinguish the one from the other. By degrees the clear, bright waters of the one become united with those of the other, and the clearness is lost forever.

THE APPLICATION.

Virtuous and vicious persons can associate for a time, keeping their characters distinct. But if the associations be continued, the virtuous, pure character will become soiled by the vicious. No one can associate freely with the wicked without becoming in some measure like them.

ACROSTIC.

All honest men from sea to sea
Now view thy course with true delight,
Depending on thy counsels we
Regard thee, sir, as clothed with might ;
Each praying God to give to thee
Wisdom to guide our people right.

Justly, oh, then thy power extend,
Opposing wrong of ev'ry kind,
Hold to the right, each State defend,
North and the South together bind ;
Secession rose but had an end,
Overpowered, as was designed,
No more an advocate to find.

Seventeenth President of the United States. Born in North Carolina, December 29, 1808. Succeeded to the Presidency on the assassination of Abe Lincoln, April 14, 1865.



John Bell.

Born near Nashville, Tennessee, 1796, and entered public life during the Federal Administration of John Quincy Adams, and in 1860 was run by the American Party as a candidate for the Presidency.

JUSTLY the pride of Tennessee,
 Of patriots none more true than thee.
 How pure thy life, how fair thy name,
 Not Envy's self will dare defame.
 Bear still her banner in the fight,
 E'er be the champion of the right.
 Let not defeat thy soul oppress,
 Let future victory crown thy race.







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